

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 6

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 5, 1916

The Mystery of "Big Bend."

BY M. COVERDELL.

"ALBERT NELSON never will make much of a scout," said Fred Bradley. "I guess not," agreed Tom Gaynor. "Why," he continued, "Albert makes more noise than an elephant when he is walking through the timber."

"He swims like a snake with its back broken," chimed in James Atkins.

"Aren't you boys just a little hard on Comrade Albert?" spoke up Scoutmaster Joe Hilliard. "Remember, he was puny, and what we call 'green,' when he came out from the city. It takes a lot of time for a fellow like him to get 'next' to the things you boys have been raised right up with."

"Right you are, Master Joseph," assented Harry Inman. "I believe Albert yet will make good, if only we have patience."

"Albert surely isn't coming," said some one. "Anyway, we'll go on, bait our hooks and put them out; he'll call if he can't locate us."

None of them had heard or seen the slight figure that crept up behind a neighboring log while they were talking. Albert Nelson had caught the sound of his name as he was coming to join the fishing party of "Scouts." He had paused instantly, recognizing Fred Bradley's voice. Then, remembering certain actions of some of his comrades on other occasions, he slipped quickly and stealthily forward, determined to learn, if possible, whether he had any grounds for his suspicions or not.

For some time after the party passed out of sight and hearing, Albert Nelson lay there perfectly still behind the log; then the look of pain and humiliation gave way to one of determination, and he leaped to his feet, eyes a-flash, hands clenched, and firmly set teeth, through which the words escaped like the snap of a whip.

"Albert Nelson! you shall not rest, eat, nor sleep till you—till!"—

He seemed not to command the words expressive of his tumultuous thoughts as he walked rapidly away through the woods—but not in the direction the fishing-party had taken.

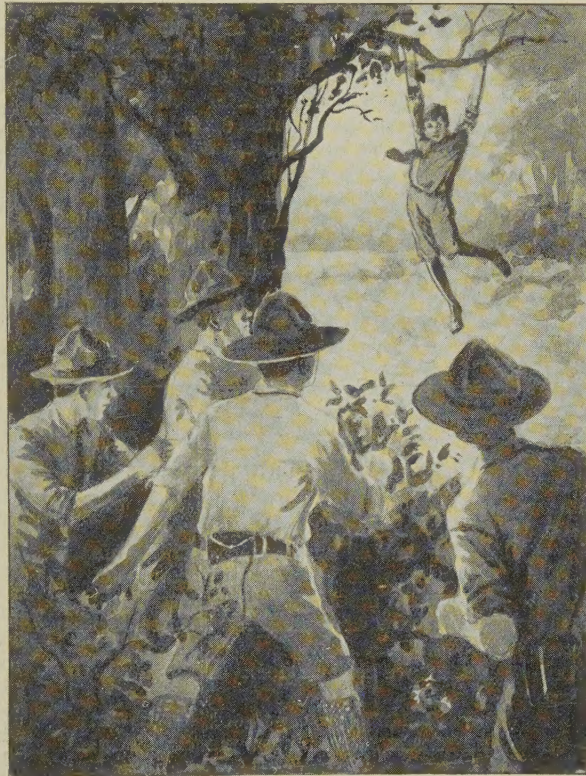
By midnight that night the "Big Bend" Boy Scouts (who took their name from the great bend in the river at that point) concluded to suspend their fishing operations. Several good catches had been made, and the fish were salted down with a little water over them till morning. Master Joe and Harry Inman had erected a crude tent of boughs, small brush and grass, to protect the party from the dew, and soon all were enjoying such a rest as can come but to the outdoor sleeper.

All were astir with the dawn the following morning, and the air shortly was filled with the crisp, appetizing scent of frying fish.

Lard, salt, and pepper had been provided for seasoning, the fish being coated over with fine corn-meal before cooking. This, with bread, butter, and a mild cereal beverage, formed a meal fit for a king.

The early "snack" over, Master Joe said:—"Let's take up our hooks now, boys. We likely will have caught enough fish last night while we slept to take home with us this morning."

Within a half-hour all were back in the



By H. Weston Taylor.

"Albert Nelson swung himself from the dense branches of a tree which overhung the water."

temporary tent except one or two of the boys, who had set some hooks a little farther down the river.

"I wonder why Albert Nelson failed to show up?" said some one.

"It does seem strange that he didn't," commented Scoutmaster Joe. "Sometimes he isn't right on the dot, but he always makes it around before we disperse."

"Maybe he's gone snipe-hunting," some one suggested.

Scarcely had the words been uttered when John Fenton burst into camp. He was breathing hard from the exertion of running, and his face was as ashen as if death itself had been at his heels.

His comrades gathered around him, but before they had time to open fire with their questions he was telling them the cause of his excitement.

"Boys," he panted, "when I went to take up my lower hook, down near the 'Riffles,' I saw something on the bank a little farther down. Upon investigation, I found a pile of clothing near the water's edge, and on top of the heap I found this note," jerking a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to Scoutmaster Joe.

Joe read aloud:—

Dear Comrades:—

I crept up and could have swished you fellows with a fish-pole while you were talking about me last evening, but I have chosen a course that will put me out of your way.

Ever your Comrade,

A. N.

It was several seconds before the full import of the note was grasped by all present; then there was a hasty breaking of camp, and, headed by Scoutmaster Joe, the party took the shortest route for the "Riffles."

There, about a hundred feet above where the shallow water rippled over the rocks in the river, lay Albert's clothes in a pitiful little heap near the edge of the water; his entire Scout's outfit—shirt, pants, coat, hat, shoes, stockings, and leggings.

As the little group of Boy Scouts gathered around the heap of clothes, excitement changed to sadness. Characteristic action was apparent, however, in a surprisingly brief period, as every member of the party began to shed his clothing, and within five minutes' time the space between there and the "Riffles" was all a-splash with diving, searching Boy Scouts, the water at that point being only from three to five feet in depth.

After an hour of fruitless search for the body of Albert, Master Joe said:—

"Boys, I don't see where the body can be. I feel sure we have scraped every foot of bottom between here and the 'Riffles.' The body wouldn't have floated up-stream and it couldn't have been carried over the rocks below by the shallow water."

"Maybe Albert left his clothes there to fool us, and went off somewhere else," said Charles Kennan.

"No," answered Joe. "I was the first one here, and I took special pains to examine the footprints, which were very plain in the soft mud left by the receding water after the freshest day before yesterday. There was just one set of tracks, and they led straight to the pile of clothes. The mud was trampled a little right around there, about what a fellow would do in undressing; then the tracks led directly into the water. There's nothing haunts these waters that's large enough to make away with the body. We'll make one more thorough search, and if that proves in vain, we'll go and get the net and drag for the body."

Another thorough and systematic search proved as unavailing as the first. The net

was sent for, and, equipped with hooks, dragged over and over the river-bottom, but to no avail.

By this time it was high-noon. The entire party was fatigued, hungry, disheartened. The few remaining fish were brought out and put on to cook.

Just as preparations were being made for eating, a piercing cry rang out on the air—the Boy Scouts' signal of distress. It came directly from the hole of water just above the "Riffles," and every Scout present recognized the voice as that of Albert Nelson.

Before the party recovered from the effect of the cry, it was followed by another from the same source, and consternation fell on a goodly portion of the boys. Fred Bradley started to scramble up, and in doing so, ran his foot in the lard pail and fell full-length upon the ground. Tom Gaynor, who was just taking up a skillet of fish, dropped skillet, fish, grease, and all, right in James Atkins' lap as he sat waiting for dinner. Charles Kennan paused in the act of slicing some bread, a loaf in one hand, the bread-knife gripped in the other, apparently awaiting some attack.

It would be fallacious to pretend that there was not a cold chill darting through the body of every Scout present, even to Master Joe, but he was the first to regain full composure and spread reassurance through the party; though he could not repress a smile as he helped extricate Fred's foot from the lard pail, and noted the care with which James held his hot, greasy clothes so they would not come in contact with the skin.

"Come, lads," he called. "Flesh and blood will be found behind those cries. Keep your wits about you. Albert's all right, somewhere. Come on!" and he darted toward the hole of water above the "Riffles."

As they burst in full sight of the river, Albert Nelson swung himself from the dense branches of a tree which overhung the water. Dropping into the river, he reached the shore with a few swift strokes.

It would be impossible to record all the ejaculations of surprise and wonder, the joyful shouts and glad greetings, as Albert joined the party on the bank of the river. Questions without number seemed in order, but he held up one hand and checked them all, saying:—

"After hearing your complimentary remarks about me yesterday, boys, I concluded to see if I could qualify as a Boy Scout. Accordingly, I went home and got this old suit of clothes late yesterday evening, wrapping up my Scout's suit, yonder, in a paper. Last night, when the moon came up, I walked down to the river-bank where you found my clothing, piled them up, and carefully walked backward in the same tracks I had made in coming."

"But you were in the tree overhanging the river just now," said Master Joe, who was beginning to look somewhat shamefaced at the thought of his being deceived by the tracks in the mud.

"That was easy," smiled Albert. "After making the back-tracks, I went to the upper end of the 'Big Bend,' chose a spot where the grass ran up close to the water's edge, so I would make no signs, and slipped off into the river. I held my clothes on a stick, above water while I swam, till I reached the big drift. There I selected a log with a little cavity on the upper side when floating in the water, and, placing my clothing in that to keep them dry, I swam around the bend, and"—

"You don't mean to say that you floated right around past all our hooks and lines last night?" ventured Tom Gaynor. "If you swam around there before midnight, some of our bonfires, torches or flash-lights would have caught you, sure."

"That's another simple matter—if you understand how to do it," replied Albert.

"I know, now, that he did," broke in James Atkins. "I remember seeing a log float down-stream about ten o'clock last night, and I fired two or three clubs at it, just for pastime."

"And barely missed giving me a biff on the cocoonut," said Albert. "If it hadn't been for the splash of your clubs, the ducking of my head under water to dodge those clubs surely would have betrayed me."

"I had previously tied a twelve-foot rope to a limb of that tree from which I just now dropped, and as I came to it last night, I caught it, drew myself up among the branches, and 'camped' in that nest you can see up there by looking closely—as every Boy Scout should when searching for anything."

Every Scout in the party looked his admiration for the plucky lad who had outwitted them all, and Master Joe, catching the sentiment thus expressed, said:—

"Albert, my boy, you are no longer to be considered as a recruit. If anybody ever questions your qualifications as a full-fledged Boy Scout, they have but to refer to what we shall call 'The Mystery of "Big Bend,"' and your credentials will be honored on the instant. Come, now, let's have a feast, instead of a funeral." And he led the way back to their forgotten dinner.

Telling Mother.

BY HARRIET HUNTING PIERSON.

TO-DAY we played peddler when lessons were done,

And we were all having most glorious fun;
But, alas! when I lifted a big, heavy pack,
My old coat burst open away down the back.
I don't know what made it. Course Mother would say

I must have been careless; that's always the way.

But I couldn't help it; I guess I'm too fat;
And somehow I'm always unlucky like that.
I dreaded to tell her,—why, yes; wouldn't you?

But I thought in a minute just what I would do.

So I marched in quite boldly, not trying to hide,
And stood close beside her. "Oh, dear me!" she cried.

"Again? Why, how *could* you! I never did see

A boy so destructive as you seem to be."

Then I said to her: "Mother, did you ever hear

What the grasshopper does? Well, it's certainly queer;

But he's lucky, I think. When his coat gets too small,

So it splits, just like mine, there's no trouble at all,

And nobody scolds him; for under it grows
Another whole, beautiful, new suit of clothes.
He just sheds the old ones, and there he is, dressed

In a suit that's just right for a Sunday best.
If I could do that way, I certainly would."

And Mother said, laughing, she wished that I could.

The Story Girl.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"O AUNT FAN," cried Beth, running in from school, "will you help me think of something particularly nice that I can learn to do for people? Our class has organized a new club and we're going to call it the Joy-Bringers. Isn't that a lovely name? Miss Somers told us to-day about a club like that that her niece belongs to. Each one of them chooses some special way of making people happy. One girl has a conservatory and she carries flowers to sick people; and another one sends picture post-cards; and another one sings— O Aunt Fan, I wish I had either plenty of money to spend or some wonderful gift!"

Aunt Fan smiled. "Every one has some gift, my dear," she comforted, "even if she hasn't much money to give away. It mayn't be a wonderful gift, but it may be a very happy one just the same. Do you remember that book that you liked so much—*The Story-Girl*? I thought when I read that, what a pity it was that more girls didn't cultivate their powers of giving pleasure in that way. You mayn't have the 'Story-Girl's' natural talents of course, but any girl with your intelligence can learn how to tell a story clearly and simply—so that little children at least will enjoy hearing you. Practice on your own little brother and sister, my dear; and you will be surprised to see how stimulating it is to have an interested audience."

"Oh, that's all very well for you, Aunt Fan," protested Beth, "you're such a wonderful story-teller yourself; but I never could."

Aunt Fan laughed again. "If you only knew how 'wonderful' I was when I began!" she said. "I stammered and stumbled and got all mixed up, even with 'Cinderella' and 'Puss-in-Boots.' I had always read them aloud before; but this time the children had measles and such trouble with their eyes that the doctor wouldn't allow even the least little bit of light in their room, so I had to fall back on my memory. You'd have laughed to see how hard I studied that old book of fairy-tales after I made such a failure with my first story-telling. It's quite wonderful how much more carefully you read when you're going to repeat the stories later. Then I learned poems, too, and rubbed up my memory of those that I had studied at school."

"Pretty soon I found that I was enjoying the story-telling myself; and by the time the children were well, none of us cared to go back to the old way."

"And now everybody clusters around when you tell stories," marveled Beth, "even Ted and I, and grandpa and grandma when you are here."

"Oh, yes, older people often enjoy the story-telling," agreed Aunt Fan, "particularly of grandpa's and grandma's ages. They love the old poems and songs, too, that they used to know when they were young. I really believe your grandfather would like to hear 'Horatius at the Bridge' and the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' every night of his life."

"I'll learn them right away," promised Beth. "I'd love to do that for grandpa. And if you think I really can, I'll try the story-telling, too. It's worth trying, anyway, for I did like that book so much, and I'd simply adore to be a 'Story-Girl' myself!"

Something About Pineapples.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

"THAT'S just a perfectly fine pineapple, Mrs. Brown," said Mary Roswell, as she finished her dish of the delicious fruit at the little dinner which Lucy Brown was giving to celebrate her twelfth birthday.

"Yes, and I'd just like to see the pine trees which they grow on," remarked Mary's younger brother, Bob, who was always ready to join in his sister's views, even if he was a little off line on his facts.

"Why, Bob, what gave you the idea that pineapples grew on trees?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It must have been because the names are so much alike," said Mary.

Just then Mr. Brown came into the room, having left his office down town an hour earlier than usual so that he could be with Lucy and her young friends before the party was over.

To him was told Bob's desire to see the trees on which the pineapples grow, and he joined in a good laugh over the idea.

Then he said, since the subject was "before the house," he would tell the children something about pineapples, so that the next time Bob would not have to make the mistake of thinking that they grow on trees.

"In some places in this country," said he, "pineapples are grown in large quantities, such as in Florida, where in some sections the climate is just about right for them. Pineapples are like some people. They have to have a very even climate, and it must average around 75 to 80 degrees.

"In Jamaica, the Bahamas, Porto Rico, and other of the islands off the Gulf of Mexico and north of South America, the pineapples are very important as a product.

"A large portion of the pineapples which are eaten in the United States, though,



GROWING PINEAPPLES IN HAWAII.

come from the islands in the Pacific which came under the Stars and Stripes a few years ago. I refer to the Hawaiian Islands.

"The pineapple industry in Hawaii has reached such an important place that it is counted one of the foremost in the islands, and the annual output of the canneries over there has been as high as two and a half million cases, and you can ask your grocer how many million cans these would make, or you can figure it out for yourself, as a case generally holds two dozen cans.

"The fields of pineapples stretch away for great distances, and almost every farmer in the islands has a patch of them growing. They grow but one to each plant, and the men who gather them have to be very careful or they will be scratched badly by the sharp prongs on the fruit or the long sword-like leaves of the plant.

"When pineapples first came to be known as a form of fruit which could be eaten, they were seen only on the tables of the royal families; but now even such common people as we are can have them as dessert, and the increasing production will mean that they will become even more widely used.

"And now, Bob, I will say for your special benefit that pine trees and pineapples will not even grow in the same sections of the world, so you can see that the pineapples cannot possibly grow on pine trees."

While Mr. Brown was thus informing the children about the table, Lucy's mother had brought in another dish of the juicy fruit for each one, and as she placed this extra allowance before them she remarked that she thought they would like a little more now that they had learned something about how the pineapples grow.

The Message of the Moon.

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON.

WHEN the soft, white moonlight steals into your window,
Does it tell a story, little maid, to you?
For the moon is busy lighting up dark places,
Sending back the sun's rays, through the sky so blue.

Do you ever stop to think how it keeps on shining,
Making people happy by the beauty of its light?
Like a great big lantern, swinging down from heaven,
Hanging there among the stars through the long, black night.

When you see the moonbeams, gleaming on the water,
Do they bring a message, little man, to you?
For the quiet moon-world labors on in silence,
And in nature's workshop has its part to do.

So it tugs and tugs and pulls at the restless ocean,
Working hard as anything, looking so serene,
Till it draws the mighty tides, have you heard about them?
Rising, falling round the world to wash the beaches clean.

Aunt Amy's Friend.

BY KATHERINE J. MURRAY.

I WAS very small when this happened, only six, and now I'm going on ten. My papa and mamma died when I was ever so little, and Brenda—she was my nurse—brought me 'way 'cross the big sea to my papa's people.

There was Grandpa and Grandma and Aunt Amy. She and I have the same name really—Amabel, you know—but they call her Amy and me Belle. She is the dearest auntie ever was, and she used to play dolls and run races with me, though she was a big girl. She must have been—let me count—yes, sixteen, when it began to get dark.

Oh, course you don't know what I mean. Something got wrong with my eyes, and I stumbled over things and broke things, 'cause I couldn't see where they were. Then I couldn't tell my letters apart,—I was just learning to read,—and pretty soon I couldn't see the pictures in my books. Then the light got so dim one day I asked Brenda to light the gas, so I could see the new dress Grandma had bought me. Brenda cried and said the sun was shining bright. Pretty soon it got so dark I had to feel my way, like you do when you play blindman's buff. Aunt Amy used to read to me and tell me stories and take me everywhere with her, 'cause she said it was so lonesome in the dark.

They had a doctor from New York, and

he said I must be patient and wait, my eyes wasn't bad enough yet to be cured. So I must be good, and not cry, for that would make it harder to cure me. Dear Aunt Amy was with me all the time she could get from her own lessons; she said "she'd stay a child as long as she could with poor little Belle"—that was me.

We lived in the country, in a lovely big house, with trees and flowers all 'round it, and Aunt Amy made a game, and I learned every flower just by its smell. Don't you know how diff'rent they are? Have a pink, sleepy smell, and magnolias why, sweets, sleepy smell, and red roses you want to breathe 'way down inside of you. Then I got to know everybody by the feel of their fingers. Grandma's were always cold, and she had two fingers she couldn't bend. Brenda's fingers were fat and cushiony, and Aunt Amy's soft and slender.

I used to go driving with Auntie every pleasant day. She had a lovely little village cart and pony all her own. We'd go 'way up on the mountain, and sometimes Aunt Amy would pick wild flowers and berries, and I would hold the reins. Bonnie Doon, the pony, was so gentle, he'd never try to start 'till we'd tell him.

But one day she had just given me a leaf full of berries, and I'd handed the reins to her, when we heard a big noise like "honk, honk," and Bonnie Doon got scared. He ran down the mountain so fast that the cart

bumped into the air with every jump. Aunt Amy put one arm 'round me, and held on tight with the other hand, 'cause she was 'fraid we'd be thrown out. I guess Bonnie ran about a mile, when I heard a strange man's voice.

"Whoa there! Easy, good boy," it said. "All right, now, all right! Steady, steady!" and Bonnie stood still, shaking so I could feel the cart shiver. Then the man asked Aunt Amy if we'd been hurt. She said, no, and thanked him for stopping Bonnie, 'cause we might have been killed. She told him our names and where we lived, and said Grandpa would be pleased to be 'quainted with him.

After that we used to meet him very often when we went out driving, and he came sometimes to the house. I got to know his quick, light step; it was different from Aunt Amy's. He set his heel down harder. I could tell him by the flower in his coat, too; he always had a piece of step'notis. His fingers were not much bigger than Aunt Amy's, but they felt rougher. He talked to me sometimes, and brought me candy and toys. But I knew he liked Aunt Amy, and I was 'fraid she liked him. Why? 'Cause I didn't want her to like anybody better than me, I loved her so much. After a while I was sure Grandpa didn't like him much, 'cause his voice got hard when he talked about him. But Aunt Amy spoke so happy when she saw him, I got more 'fraid than ever, and sometimes I'd cry when I thought about it.

One day when I was in the hammock on the veranda, Grandpa and Grandma were in the library, an' I heard her tell him that Marian was going to be married next month, and wanted Aunt Amy to be her maid of honor.

"I'm very glad it happened so," Grandpa said. "I'd like to get Amy away from certain 'sociations. This will give her something else to think about."

"Do you think you are quite fair?" Grandma says. "I think the young man is very gent'manly and 'greeable."

"Oh, yes, but we really know very little about him, and Amy is so young, I don't want her to see too much of him."

"Well," Grandma said, "she can go to Marian's, and if it's quite 'venient she can take Belle with her, so the doctor can 'zamine her eyes."

So that's how we came to go to New York—Aunt Amy and Brenda and me. Aunt Amy had a lovely new frock for the wedding—all silky and lacy; she said it was rose pink, and her hat matched it. We didn't see Mr. Wallace before we went—didn't I say that was his name? Brenda said she heard he'd gone away for a few days.

Marian met us at the train, and she is the sweetest lady! She wouldn't let me call her "Miss," as Aunt Amy told me. I was so sorry I was in the dark, 'cause Brenda said she was so pretty. But I could feel her soft hands, and hear her sweet, laughing voice. She said the house was so full that Aunt Amy must sleep in her room, and there was a little bed in her dressing-room for me. "Will you be 'fraid to sleep alone, with Aunt Amy and I right in the next room?" she asked me. And I said, no, 'cause I never was much 'fraid of the dark, even when I had the light, and now I was always in the dark.

Next day we saw my doctor, and he said I was making sat'sfactory p'ogress, and he thought I'd be out of the dark in 'bout

three months. And, oh, I was glad! I laughed, and danced, and clapped my hands, till Brenda said, "Don't be so wild, Miss Belle!"

"She has been a good, patient child," Aunt Amy said, "and it's been very hard for her."

"It will soon be all right now," said the doctor, and he knew, for 'bout two months after that he op'rated, and the light came back.

That evening Marian showed Aunt Amy all the nice things people had sent her for wedding presents. Oh, she had lots of pretty things,—gold things, silver things, cut-glass things,—oh, so many! But I liked best a chain of fine links and little stones,—gold and diamonds, they told me. I counted the stones,—fifty-two little ones and ten big ones. I put the chain 'round my neck,—it went 'round twice, it was so long,—and I guess they forgot about it, for when I went to bed, Brenda found it.

"Now, Miss Belle," she said, "what shall I do with that chain? I can't disturb the young ladies, for they have callers, and I don't want the care of anything like that. It cost too much money!"

"Let me keep it till Aunt Amy comes to say good-night," I answered her. "I won't hurt it."

"Well, you leave it on your neck, then, so you won't lose it," and she went downstairs.

I must have gone to sleep before Aunt Amy came. She said afterward Marian told her not to wake me, but to leave the chain where it was until morning.

Sometime in the night I woke up. I knew somebody was in the room. I thought it was Aunt Amy, and I lay still, for I didn't want her to take away the chain. I heard the silver things chink just a little bit on the toilet table and the dresser. The step I couldn't hear until it came close to the bed; then I knew it wasn't Auntie. Somebody tried to unclasp the chain. I felt the fingers on my neck, then I smelled step'notis. I threw up my arms and caught somebody 'round the neck. "Aunt Amy, Aunt Amy, here's Mr. Wallace!" I yelled at the top of my voice, I was so glad.

But he wasn't glad a bit. "Let go, you little devil!" he said, but I held on tight, and he dragged me out of bed. Aunt Amy and Marian came running, and we all screamed together. Mr. Wallace was in the hall before he could pull me off, and Marian's brothers caught him on the stairs.

Would you believe it? That nice Mr. Wallace was a wicked thief. He and another bad man wanted to steal all Marian's lovely presents. But there were two men watching the room where the presents were, so the thieves didn't dare go there. But they had all the silver in the dining-room packed in a bundle, ready to carry it off. Oh, it was awful! The other man got away, but Mr. Wallace went to prison for five years.

They all called me a brave little girl, and made a big fuss over me. But if I'd known he was a burglar, I'd have been scared to death. I just thought he was Aunt Amy's friend, and I knew she would be glad to see him, so I tried to hold him till she could get there.

All the leaves are turning yellow,
Red, or brown. The fruit is mellow.
Farmers take their harvest in
'Ere the winter shall begin.

CLARA V. COYLE.

The Lady November.

THE Lady with the cloak of brown
Is walking on the hills.

She puts her baby seeds to bed
And locks the brooks and rills.
The rustle of her silken skirt

Is mingled with the rain,
And everywhere she goes, she sings,
And this is the refrain:

"Good-night, and glad good-morning,
My little children dear,
I'll tuck you in and bless you;
'Tis bedtime of the year."

The Lady with the cloak of brown
Goes walking in the night,
And children listen for her feet
And whisper in delight.

She comes across the stubble fields,
She taps upon the pane,
She shakes the leaves from all the trees,
And croons her low refrain:

"Good-night, and glad good-morning,
Oh, children in your beds,
My blossom-babies are asleep
With leaf caps on their heads."

The Lady with the cloak of brown
On wind-swept meadow walks;
She sees the withered blossom swing,
And whispers to the stalks.
She bends above the empty nest
With words too low to hear,
Yet children know the song she breathes,
The love-song of the year:
"Good-night, and glad to-morrow,
Oh, songster of delight,
The Love that tuned thy melody
Will guard us through the night."

The Lady with the cloak of brown
Goes trailing through the leaves.
The snows are on her silken train,
The frost has fringed her sleeves.
Yet, though she walks through barren fields,
She carries fruits and grain,
And though the winds blow chill and wet,
She sings above the rain:
"Good-night, and glad to-morrow,
Oh, children of the earth.
For every seed that falls and dies
A million blooms have birth."

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN,
in *The Kindergarten Review*.

Stir It Up.

BY ROBERT WHITAKER.

"MORE sugar, mamma," said the little
lad,
Resting his idle spoon upon his cup.
But mother answered, "Sugar you have had,
All that you need is just to stir it up."

He stirred, and tasted, laughed and made
reply,
"Wasn't that funny, wanting what was
here?"

His mother smiled and said, with tender eye,
"That is quite like the rest of us, my dear."

"Quite like the rest of us," indeed it is,
Begging for that which is already ours:
Too busy dreaming of some magic bliss
To find the fulness of our latent powers.

The best for all of us awaits our hand,
There is sufficient good in every cup.
Both strength and sweetness are at our com-
mand,
Why ask for anything? Just stir it up.

For the Quiet Hour.

His tender mercies are over all his works.—
Psalms cxlv. 9.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee tho' wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sand-piper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

Prayer.

THOU who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, we thank Thee for the power of faith by which Thou art transforming the world. Forgive us our mistrust. Forgive us if we have prevented any one from being all he should be because we failed to trust him enough. Thou dost trust us in spite of our failures; and we know that we could not be half what we are if it were not that our fathers and mothers and friends believe in us and expect us to do our best.

Help us to have faith in every one of Thy children, just as we want them to have faith in us. And so, by the power of the faith which Jesus had in his disciples, by the power of the faith which Thou dost have in Thy wayward and quarreling children, by the power of faith which we have in one another, may the days of peace and good-will be established in the earth. Amen.

From *Manual for Training in Worship*,
by HUGH HARTSHORNE.

Hunting Cocoons.

BY THE EDITOR.

DO you ever go hunting with the camera? If so, you know the delight of bringing home a record of the scenery and the wild life, and amusing groups of your friends. If you have learned to hunt birds with an opera glass, you know the satisfaction of seeing the colors they wear, and of knowing our feathered friends by name, as junco and white-throated sparrow, and catbird and oriole, not simply as birds. But some of you have neither camera nor opera glass, yet you may go hunting without them. You need only feet that do not tire easily, and a pair of sharp eyes. The time for this hunting will be the late autumn or early winter; and the object of your search will be cocoons.

Many of us might never see the lovely great moths which are common all over this country, unless we secure the cocoons from which they come; for they fly only at night. If you find their cocoons and keep them where you may watch them, you will see some of the loveliest of winged creatures, and open for yourself a door into a fairy realm of mystery and wonder.

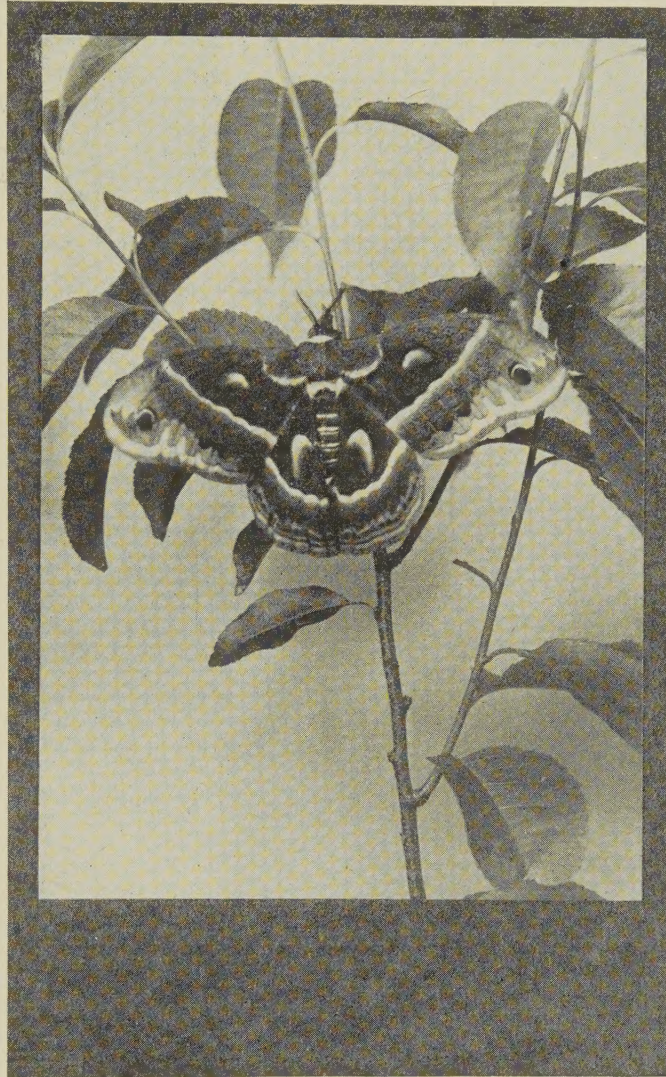
By November these moths have passed the caterpillar stage of their existence and are safely shut up in their winter houses. You will find them swinging from the twigs of trees and shrubs almost anywhere, but most certainly among the shrubs that grow along the edges of ponds or brooks.

The most conspicuous of these is the big, bag-like cocoon of the cecropia moth. It is usually fastened to the under side of a small limb, or at the end of a twig. The twig may be cut or broken off and carried

home, and put up in some room where a place may be found for it. If it remains in a heated room, the moth may be expected to emerge some time in February. To see it come out of its house is an event, and one worth watching for. Our pictures show the markings and velvety shadings of this great creature, but do not give its lovely colors, in rich, reddish-brown tones, with white lines and blotches on wings and body, and two dark spots near the outer extremity of the upper wings. All moths after they are matured spread out the wings flat, so that they may be seen; while butterflies, as even children know, fold the wings together over the back when resting on flower or leaf or

while on the fore wings the narrow margins of blue and gray give something the effect of eyelids.

The cocoon of the polyphemus is more solid and compact than that of the cecropia, and is often made with a leaf wrapped around it, as our second illustration shows. In the North it falls to the ground with the leaf, and for this reason is harder to find. One sometimes finds these cocoons in walking through the dry and fallen leaves, for the toe will strike them or the watchful eye spy them out. In the South the cocoon is more easily found, for there the caterpillar attaches it to a twig, where it may be more readily seen.



By Edwin A. Roberts.

SAMIA CECROPIA.

twig. *Samia cecropia* is fairly common east of the Rocky Mountains, and sharp eyes ought to find the cocoons during the autumn or early winter days.

Of equal size, having a spread of wings as large as a man's hand, is *Telea polyphemus*, found everywhere in the States and even as far south as Mexico. Its colors are lighter than cecropia's. Its tawny ground is touched with delicate grays which lead into warm pink tones.

On each wing is an "eye spot," not mere patches of color as in the other moths, but transparent spots which look like a piece of isinglass set into the wing. On the lower wing the spot is rimmed with blue,

size of the antennæ, the plume-like appendages on the head. The difference is clearly shown in the pictures. See how narrow the antennæ are on the male cecropia resting on the leafy branch, while in the half-developed polyphemus clinging to its cocoon you may see the wide feather-like antennæ of the female.

If you watch your cocoons as the spring approaches, you may have the wonderful experience of seeing the moths emerge. Feel of the upper end of the cocoon as it hangs on the wall of the attic or play-room. If it is damp to the touch, you may know that the moth is starting to come out. The creature gives out this damp fluid to soften

A very beautiful large moth is the *Actias luna*, a delicate green in color and as large as polyphemus. The lower wings have tail-like appendages, and the form is very graceful. This caterpillar, too, spins a cocoon in a leaf that falls to the ground. It is said to be common in some regions of our country; but if you find its cocoon you will do better than the editor has ever done!

In your first season of cocoon hunting you will probably find more specimens of the *Callosamia promethia* than of any other moth, at least if your home is in the East. It is commonly called the spice-bush moth, and the cocoons, leaf-wrapped, dangle by a stout silken thread from the twigs of many shrubs. This moth is smaller than the others mentioned. An interesting thing about it is that the male is rather dull dark brown, while the female is marked with red-brown and pinkish-gray, rivaling the cecropia in beauty.

In all the moths, the males and females may be told apart by the difference in the



By Edwin A. Roberts.

TELEA POLYPHEMUS.

the fibres of the cocoon. Then it struggles in its little house, bumping its head up against the top of the cocoon, and retreating for another blow. Near the end only two or three fibres are preventing the moth from coming out and you begin to wonder if it will come at all. Do not make the mistake of trying to help it by clipping these tough strands. The difficulty of its task is the condition necessary for the moth's development and beauty. Let it take its own time and work itself free in the way Nature intended.

At last the creature crawls forth, its body well-developed, its wings very small and wet. It clings to the cocoon as you see it in the picture; and if you have patience to watch it for two hours or more, you may see the wings grow to their full size and beauty. Then you will be thankful anew for the walk you took into the country in the keen autumn air, when you hunted for cocoons in the shrubs and leaves along the roadway and beside the ponds and streams.

The Ways of the Wind.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"I DON'T like the old wind," Harold grumbled, "I can't see that it is good for anything but to make people uncomfortable."

His mother smiled. "There is nothing in the world for that purpose alone," she said.

"Well, what good is the wind?" Harold demanded.

"Suppose you go and ask the wind," his mother suggested.

"How can I ask the wind?"

But his mother only shook her head and smiled and, putting down her sewing, hastened into the other room, where Beth's crying announced that she had awakened from her nap.

Harold wriggled into his sweater and pulled his cap down over his head. "How can I ask the wind?" he said to himself. "The wind can't talk, it can only whistle. And I don't believe it is good for a single thing—so there!"

He frowned angrily when it twitched at his cap and pulled mischievously at his sweater. "Guess I'll go up in the wood pasture," he decided, and jerking away from the fingers of the wind he started out. The great oak tree was his refuge in all kinds of weather, and under its spreading branches he paused.

"The wind has torn down all kinds of little limbs," he grumbled, as a flying twig fell at his feet. He glanced up at the limbs above him. "Looks like it had been pruned," he remarked. "Father trims out the little dead branches of the fruit trees. I wonder who prunes the forest trees?"

"Who-ooo-ooo!" said the wind, with a mocking sound, as it tore down another twig and tossed it at his feet.

Harold stared. "Why! Of course!" he exclaimed. "It's the wind! How stupid I am. I know the wind did it. Maybe it is some good after all."

"Poo-oo," puffed the wind from around the trunk of the tree.

"Don't 'poo' me," Harold cried indignantly. "I don't believe that you are any good for anything else, anyway. I'm going to climb up on that flat rock."

He clambered up on the rock above which the bank cupped in a cave-like hollow. It seemed quite warm and free from wind, but presently an impudent gust swept into his little haven and raised a flurry of dust. Harold, who had his mouth open, sputtered indignantly. Something was in his mouth. He coughed and spit.

"Why—it's a little seed," he cried, as it flew out upon his hand. "The wind blew it into my mouth. It has fallen up here on the rock and will never grow. I believe I shall plant it somewhere."

But he did not get a chance, for another puff of wind sent it flying down to the ground below, where it fell in a soft bed of loam.

"Why—the wind's planting it," Harold said, as he bent over. Something hit the back of his neck, and an acorn bounced off and fell beside the seed. Harold forgot to feel of the bruised place where the acorn had struck, he was so interested. "That makes two seeds the wind has planted!" he cried.

"Two-ooo-ooo?" sniffed the wind in derisive accents.

Harold jumped. "Sounds like it was making fun of me," he exclaimed. "I suppose it does plant more than two. I suppose it plants thousands of them. And covers them over with leaves. It's blowing the dead leaves all around. I wonder what else the wind is good for."

He gazed across at the opposite hillside where the half-plowed ground was. "Why," he exclaimed, "there hasn't been a bit of sun but the land is drying out. I believe it will be dry enough to plow again in a day or two, if it doesn't rain any more." He glanced up at the clouded sky. "I wonder what dried the ground?" he pondered.

"Wo-ond-der whoo-ooo!" the wind bade him, as it whistled across the front of his cave.

"Who?" Harold repeated. "I suppose you think it was you?"

"Do-ooo you-ooo?" the wind seemed to answer. Really the wind seemed very talkative to-day.

"Why—why?"—Harold stammered, "come to think of it, I believe you did do it. I know if mother hangs out the clothes when it is windy that they dry quicker. And I remember once father said that the roads would dry up quick because the wind was blowing."

The wind slapped a leaf playfully into his face and hissed away.

"I wonder what else you can do," Harold said. "Why—there's the sunshine. A great stream of it, and it's shining right down in here. Just see the clouds scurrying away. I believe it's going to clear off. I wonder what makes the clouds move so fast?"

As if the limit of patience had been reached, the wind caught down a willow branch and whipped it smartly across his face. Harold jumped up. Then a sheepish look appeared on his face.

"You needn't get so mad about it," he said. "Of course you are the one that drives the clouds away. My! I never thought the wind was good for anything but to fly kites. You're all right, old wind, if you do torment us. You're good for lots of things!"

"T-th-aa-ank you-oooooooo!" the wind seemed sarcastically to answer, as with a final tug at his cap and a vindictive switch at his sweater it died away.

Words and Deeds.

WORDS,—how easy to speak!
Deeds,—how hard to do!

Don't you think, if you used less words,
The deeds might be easier, too?

Words,—too many and quick;
Deeds,—too meagre and few;
Don't you think, if fewer the words,
The deeds might be many and true?

Words,—so often untrue;
Deeds,—as true as a friend;
Don't you think, if your words were less,
The deeds might do more in the end?

Words,—but not of the heart;
Deeds,—with a savor of love;
Don't you think it may possibly be
That deeds are more reckoned above?

PAUL HARRIS DRAKE.

An Ill Wind.

"IF any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the public house, I will agree to spend the rest of my life working for the liquor interest."

At this point, says the *Windsor Magazine*, a man in the audience rose.

"I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the public house."

"What is your business?" asked the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

Youth's Companion.

City Scout: I once knew a man who was turned into wood."

Country Scout: "Nonsense!"

City Scout: "Not at all. He was taken on a vessel and then he was aboard."

Country Scout: "That's old. I knew a girl who was dumb for years and then gained speech in a minute."

City Scout: "How did she do it?"

Country Scout: "She went into a cycle shop and picked up a wheel and spoke."

The Youth's World.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



THE PUSSY-CATS' TEA PARTY.

How Little Bear Paid His Debt.

BY HERMOLION E. PERKINS.

BOO-HOO-HOO! I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm lost!" cried Little Bear, and he rubbed his paws in his eyes and cried some more. He got dirt in his eyes off his paws and then he cried again. "Boo-hoo-hoo! I want my mamma! I want my papa! Boo-hoo-hoo!" But nobody heard Little Bear cry. Nobody was in the wood, so he cried and he cried until his tear sac was empty, and he could not cry any more. Then he lay down and went to sleep. He slept a long, long time, and he did not even wake up when Little Bird came and sat on him.

Little Bird thought Little Bear was a nice soft bed, so she tucked her head under her wing and went to sleep too.

Then Mr. Cricket came hopping along looking for a nice log to make a winter house under. He saw Little Bear asleep and thought he was a log. "Such a nice warm log," said Mr. Cricket, and he crawled under Little Bear and went to sleep too.

Then a cold wind blew and shook all the trees. They shook so hard that "BANG!" down fell a woolly, woolly worm right on Little Bear's nose.

"Oh!" said Mr. Worm. "I fell right into the door of such a nice, warm little house." And he crawled straight into Little Bear's nose with his sticky, sticky feet.

"Wo-ow! Wo-ow!" screamed Little Bear, and he jumped up and sneezed and sneezed.

Little Bird tumbled over before she could get her head out from under her wing. She was so frightened she fluttered and flew away.

"Well, if that isn't the funniest sort of a log, to jump up and run

he couldn't find his mamma, and he couldn't find his papa, so he cried and cried some more.

"Oh, I'm so hungry! I'm so hungry! Please come and get me, mamma; I'll never run away again!" But his mamma didn't come and he cried all night in the dark by himself.

When it was morning, it was cold, and poor Little Bear was so, so hungry! He tried to find something to eat, but he could not, and he was so tired and freezing and starving!

"Well, here is a nice tree to die under," said poor Little Bear, and he lay down and stretched out under the tree.

"I'm starving; oh, I'm starving to death!" and he cried and he cried.

"Rustle, rustle, rustle!" said Mr. Tree. "Little Bear is starving to death."

"BANG!" Something popped Little Bear right on the head.

It was a great big, ripe, juicy persimmon! Now if there is anything a bear likes better than honey, it is a big, ripe persimmon.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Little Bear. "You are my friend, Mr. Tree.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Some day I am going to repay you for saving my life. Some day I am going to do something for you!"

"Rustle, rustle, rustle!" said Mr. Tree. "That is all right. I'm glad to help anybody in trouble."

"Bang!" Down came another big yellow persimmon.

Little Bear felt so much better after his nice breakfast that he went out for a walk.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!"

"Listen," said Little Bear, "some one is crying. I must go and help them," and he ran to a big tree.

"Why, it is my very own mamma!"

away," said Mr. Cricket, "just when I got a snug bed made for the winter, but I'll find another one," and away he hopped.

"Wo-ow! Wo-ow!" Little Bear was terribly frightened and was running, running, running with all his might through the woods.

"I want my mamma! I want my papa!" cried Little Bear, but

screamed Little Bear, and they hugged each other until they were both out of breath.

Then Little Bear told Mamma Bear and Papa Bear all about what a hard time he had had and how Mr. Persimmon Tree saved his life.

"And some day I am going to do something for Mr. Tree to repay him for what he did for me," said Little Bear.

It was a long, long time before Little Bear could do anything for Mr. Tree. It was so long that Little Bear was almost a Big Bear. But one day the time came.

Little Bear was walking through the wood, going to his honey tree, when "Pop!" he heard something. He looked over towards Mr. Persimmon Tree, for he was always watching to see that no harm came to his friend, and there, right beside Mr. Persimmon Tree was a woodman with his ax on his shoulder ready to chop Mr. Tree down.

Little Bear jumped behind a big log. "Wo-ow! Wo-ow! Boo-woo! Boo-woo!" screamed Little Bear, as loud as he could.

The woodman dropped his ax and ran away just as fast as his legs could carry him.

"There!" said Little Bear. "At last I have paid my debt to Mr. Tree." Then Little Bear ran and got the woodman's ax and dug a deep hole and hid the ax where the woodman couldn't find it.

Pumpkin Subtraction.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

TWO little pumpkins
On a curly vine,
Growing round and yellow,
In the sweet sunshine.

Plump little pumpkins,
Jolly as can be.
Along comes Bobby boy—
"Oh, my goodness me!

Here's my Jack o' Lantern!"
Home he carries one,
Two less one is left there,
Lonely in the sun.

Nearer came Thanksgiving;
Then, to his surprise,
Little brother pumpkin
Went in mother's pies.

"A crumb will feed a little bird,
A thought prevent an angry word."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

STOW, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of this town. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am thirteen years old. My minister's name is Mr. Moulton. Miss Lawrence is our Sunday school treasurer. She is also my teacher. There are three girls in our class. I enjoy our lessons very much. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ROSA ERIKSEN.

COHOES, N.Y.,
19 Imperial Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Troy. Mr. Barrow is our minister, and our Sunday school teacher. I am eight years old. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* and like it very much.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
KATHARINE HUMPHREYS.

EASTPORT, ME.,
36 Boynton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Congregational Sunday school and I would like to join the

Beacon Club and have the honor of wearing the pin. There are six girls in my class. I am almost ten years old. I have read a very nice poem in *The Beacon*.

Sincerely yours,
MARY S. HUTCHISON.

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.,
5 Park Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club. I was nine years old in August. I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters cannot read yet, but I read *The Beacon* to them and enjoy the stories. I do the puzzles on the back. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Shaw. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school.

Yours truly,
HELEN SHAW.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl, seven years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Miss Carolyn Chandler is my teacher, and her brother, Mr. Joseph Chandler, is superintendent of the Sunday school. Rev. Mr. Staples is our minister. We all like him very much. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like to read the stories. I read them to my twin sisters; they are five years old.

May I join the Beacon Club?

Your little friend,
RUTH E. PERKINS.

From Our Young Contributors.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARY LEAVENWORTH VAN DUYN.

Wild flowers are pretty little things
Almost like fairies' gauzy wings.
All summer long they grow and thrive,
Helping the bee to fill his hive.
He sucks the nectar from every flower,
Hovering o'er them from hour to hour.

Then come the long, cold, winter days;
They shrivel up in many ways.
Do you think they die? Oh! no, no.
They only hide from frost and snow.
All winter long they lie down there,
Cosy and warm through Nature's care.
Then comes the spring, up pop their heads,
Glad to leave their tiresome beds.

WHAT HAPPENED IN TIP-TOP.

BY MILDRED WADE.
(Age, 12 years.)

UNDER the windows of a certain little cottage there grew a great, old apple tree, which in the spring had thousands and thousands of lovely pink blossoms on it, and in the autumn had about half as many bright red apples as it had blossoms in the spring. The nursery of this cottage was a little bower of a room, papered with mossy-green paper and curtained with white muslin. Here five little children used to come in their white nightgowns to be dressed and have their hair brushed and curled every morning.

First there were Alice and Mary,—bright-eyed, laughing little girls of seven and eight years; and then came stout little Jamie and Charlie; and finally little Puss, whose real name was Ellen, but who was called Puss and Pussy, Birdie and Toddie, and any other pet name that came to mind.

Now it used to happen every morning that the five little heads would be peeping out of the window together, into the flowery boughs of the apple tree, which they called Tip-Top; and the reason was this:—

A pair of robins had built a very pretty, smooth-lined nest in a fork of the limb that came directly under their window, and the building of this nest had been superintended, day by day, by the five pairs of bright eyes of these five children. The robins had at first been rather shy of this inspection, but as they

got better acquainted, they seemed to think no more of the little curly heads in the window than of the pink blossoms about them, or the daisies and buttercups at the foot of the tree. One morning the children peeped into the nest, when the mother-bird had gone to get her breakfast, and discovered five little blue eggs. Some time afterward, they saw five little birds in the nest. In a few days when they looked out the bird-mother was teaching her little ones to fly. Soon the nest was deserted and then there was no more interest in Tip-Top for the five little children.

Sunday School News.

IN many of our churches, especially in the East, Sunday schools have obeyed the request of the Board of Health and postponed their opening, sometimes for a month or six weeks beyond the usual date. This will shorten much of the time usually given to the school during the year, but it should not cause us to relax our efforts. Instead, we must work more faithfully than ever in the time that remains.

How many of our schools have a birthday offering? It is a pretty ceremony when members who have just passed a birthday come forward at the school session and drop into a bank provided for the purpose as many pennies as they are years old. In Madison, Wis., the yearly offering goes to help the work of the "visiting nurse."

The following lines have been used for years as a concert recitation by the pupils of our school at Madison.

Do not look for wrong and evil,
You will find them if you do.
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will find them all the while.
If you smile into the mirror
It will give you back a smile.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 19, 20, 4, 22, is a long piece of timber.
My 2, 14, 8, 9, is a large number of animals.
My 6, 5, 8, is a black substance.
My 13, 3, 8, 11, is an adverb.
My 22, 20, 10, 21, 6, is a food.
My 11, 5, 8, 9, is a standard measure of length.
My 4, 2, 14, is a pronoun.
My 21, 6, 5, 8, is a brilliant light.
My 20, 8, 5, 17, 18, 12, is a fruit.
My 1, 7, 15, 12, is a melody.
My whole is a popular magazine.

EVELYN SUMNER.

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 12, 6, 1, 8, is not small.
My 9, 2, 11, is a bed.
My 2, 3, 12, is not in.
My 4, 5, is a verb.
My 6, 11, is a preposition.
My 10, 7, 12, 5, is a grain.
My whole is an author.

ROSAMOND STONE.

A DOZEN JACKS.

Each question may be answered by a word or name beginning with the word "Jack." Example: Which Jack is a child's game? Answer: Jack-straws.

1. Which Jack ate with his fingers and made a great discovery thereby?
2. Which Jack paints the window-panes on cold mornings?
3. Which Jack can do many things?
4. Which Jack is popular the last day of October?
5. Which Jack could eat no fat?
6. Which Jack is the woodland minister?
7. Which Jack do children toss into the air?
8. Which Jack do boys carry in their pockets?
9. Which Jack is waiting to spring at its owner?
10. Which Jack belongs to the crow family?
11. Which Jack was not the father?
12. Which Jack had a liking for climbing?

St. Nicholas.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What business would you recommend to a short man?
2. Why is a judge always cold?
3. What is that which has many leaves but no stem?

DOROTHY DECOSTER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

ENIGMA VII.—William Shakespeare.

ENIGMA VIII.—Let your light shine.

ENIGMA IX.—The Lost Prince.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it makes oil boil.

2. Because it has so many pages.

WORD SQUARE.—
M A I L
A N N O
I N T O
L O O K

FRUIT PI.—1. Peach. 2. Orange. 3. Pomegranate. 4. Nectarine. 5. Tangerine. 6. Raspberry. 7. Lime. 8. Pineapple. 9. Tomato.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON